EDWIN R. SELBY, Editor.

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Poetry.

From the New-York Mirror.

The following lines are from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, and were written by that sweet poetess for Mr. Russel, who has wedded them to immortal melody.—While listening to the vocalist, who sang this composition to a private circle, a few days since, we were at a loss which to admire most, the music or the poetry.—Both are exquisite.

WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

Tomb of the mighty dead!
Sacred be every tree
That waves above thy bed
Or sheds its bloom on thee!
While full Potomac flows,
Bright 'neath Mount Vernon's sun,
Honor'd by friends and foes,
Rest here, in blest repose,
WASHINGTON!

Sons of our pilgrim sires,
Sons of our boundless west,
Ye, whom the tropic fires,
Or the cold lakes lull to rest,
Meet here as brethern meet,
Round a loved hearth-stone,
Meet in communion sweet,
Here, at your father's feet—
WASHINGTON!

He of Helena's rock
Hath an enduring name,
Echoed in battle shock,
Sculptured in blood and flame;
But when the mother at her knee
Teacheth her cradled son
Lessons of liberty,
Shall he not lisp of thee,
WASHINGTON!

Should baleful discord steal
Our patriot strength away,
Or fierce Invasion's reckless zeal
Restore old Bunker's day,
Or mad Disunion smite the tree
That grew 'neath Glory's sun,
What shall the watchword be,
Rousing the true and free?—
WASHINGTON!

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

From a Correspondence of the Saturday Chronicle.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

London November, 1836.

If ever an ancient temple, consecarted not only to the worship of the true God, but also by being made the resting place of the ashes of the royal, the great and the noble, for a long succession of ages—merited an awe-inspired tribute of administration and veneration—assuredly that temple is Westminster Abbey. Who can tread its marble floor, covering thousands of the mighty dead of old, without feeling an indefinable sentiment of awe? Who can listen to the tones of its noble organ, roll in waves of sound through the long and lofty arched aisles, accompanied by the pealing anthem in adoration of the Most High—without kindling with devotion, either of prayer or praise, at the heavenly melody? Who can gaze along the Gothic vistas of its vaulted roof, fluted columns, and pointed arches, without imagining that they can read history in every specimen of Saxon or of Norman architecture? Who can view the knightly banners, with their emblazoned 'scutcheons in the Chapel of the King, without carrying back their minds to the most captivating and magnificent of all human delusions—the age of chivalry? But more than all, who can contemplate the vast crowd of monuments, of kings in the barbaric ages down to the monarchs of our own time, of warriors, statesmen, poets, historians, judges, philosophers, nobility, and wealthy commoners, without pondering over the characters and history of all and each of the departed, who were once the master-spirits of their day—but who now sleep the long sleep of death—and whose names, also! can hardly be said to live, even in story? A stroll in Westminster Abbey, is calculated, more than any other scene, temple, or mighty mausoleum that I am acquainted with, to impress upon a reflecting mind, the truth of 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, saith the preacher.' And of all these vanities, there is none, perhaps, greater than human life itself. Here, in this venerable Abbey, look which way you will, the eye is sure to rest upon the tomb of some distinguished personage, renowned for their beauty, ambition, courage; the splendour of their talents, the amount of their wealth, the fervour of their piety, the lofty aspirings of their ambition, the vulpine daring of their policy, the power of their oratory, roused by which.

'E'en Senates trembled—worlds broke forth in arms.'

And here they lie mouldering in the dust! Their memories and story, perhaps, listened to with indifference, or made the subjects of a ribald jest by those who walk over their graves. The very silence of the majestic fane, and every stone and inscription within its walls, seem to admonish us as we reflect upon those who sleep beneath, in the very spirit of the sentiment so beautifully conveyed by Garrick—

" ——Deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In Nature's happiest mould, however cast,
To this complexion must thou come at last!"

I will not detain you with more than a passing remark as to the antiquity of this noble church. It was founded A. D. 605, by Sebert, a Saxon King of Essex, and dedicated to St. Peter; and the King founded and built it, in order to prove the sincerity of his attachment to Christianity, into which he was baptized from Paganism. His remains and those of his Queen Ethelgotha, repose within its walls. It was greatly enlarged by King Edward the Confessor, who is here buried; but the most beautiful addition that was ever made to it, either by or in honour of the English Kings, is the Chapel of Henry the *Seventh* pronounced by every beholder who is a judge, to be the most finished and elaborate specimen of florid Gothic architecture in the world—Amongst the various curiosities the Abbey contains, is one which excites many reminiscences. This is the stone, on which for centuries, the Scottish Kings crowned and which was brought from Scone, in Scotland, by Edward the First. The British Kings are always crowned over this time-honoured stone.

It is much to be lamented that some of the finest parts of the exterior of Westminster Abbey are so choked up by houses, that the general effect of the building is spoiled, when viewed from a distance. In the interior, for unspeakable beauty of architecture, harmony of the whole, and exquisite workmanship and design of each particular part, no edifice can be compared with Henry the Seventh's Chapel, which is 100 feet long, 26 wide, and 54 high. The shafts, pillars, and arches are almost magically light, and the thousand of carved stone figures—graceful, religious, and even comic and whimsical, that are introduced—with the gorgeously sculptured fret-work of the roof—combine to constitute an unrivalled specimen of the Gothic style. The tomb of Henry VII and his Queen, Elizabeth, is in this chapel, and is still superb—though not as Lord Bacon described it—'one of the stateliest and daintiest monuments in Europe.'

There are in the building, many faults, I mean as to the arrangement of its different parts—not by the architects and builders—but by the mean and parsimonious directors and managers of the Abbey.—These are, I believe, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, who have caused board—yes, common board partitions to be put up in different places, thereby defacing the building, and concealing the most beautiful statues until you are close upon them. And why, do you think, is this done? To the shame of the clergy, who are paid like princes—these boards are put up to keep the people out until they have paid a few pence each to be allowed to visit the monuments and enter the most interesting part of the Church. Could any thing be more disgraceful, than that the people of the English nation should be compelled to pay *fifteen pence* or *eighteen pence* (I forget which) admission money, for leave to enter their own national temple? Then a fellow walks round with you, talking at every tomb like a parrot, and leaving the visitor no time for contemplation or reflection. My feelings on the subject of the payment of a fee in such a case and such a place, were not perhaps, sufficiently restrained, especially when I reflect that I was not in my own country; though should you ever visit England, that would make no difference, for an American feels about as much at home in the fatherland of his ancestors, as if he were in the United States. I told the door keeper, that I considered the mulct or imposition, a piece of petty swindling and plunder, under the shelter of a most discreditable law or custom; and those who ordered it to be exacted ought to be ashamed of themselves.

'Sir, (said the doorkeeper) I am told something of this kind every day, and take no offence at what gentlemen may say about parting with their money.'

After leaving the door, we found ourselves in what is called 'Poet's Corner'—from the circumstance of its being the final restingplace of many of the masters of the British lyre. Gay, Dryden, and, indeed, a host of others, besides monuments to eminent poets and authors who are buried in other parts of the kingdom, are here presented to the view, and form a mournful, yet pleasing subject of reflection. None of those monuments, however, appeared to me to be positively handsome.

The gorgeous and awful spectacle that soon after bursts upon the beholder, of crowds of tombs, statutes in white marble, some raised to a great height as those of the Earl of Chatham, and Lord Mansfield on the judgement seat—and all seen by the 'dim, religious light' shed through the stained-glass window—produces an effect upon the mind of a stranger, of the grandest and most impressive character. It seems as if he stood for a moment among the spectres of the great men, whose memories are thus handed down to posterity. The beautiful monuments, erected to the memories of those famed political rivals, Pitt and Fox—are really affecting especially that of Fox, at whose feet, a negro slave is kneeling—an allusion, doubtless, to the Statesman's advocacy of the Abolition of the Slave Trade. What a lessor for ambition! Their monuments are near but not very near to each other,

'Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill tickle to his rival's bier;
Over Pitt's the requium sound,
'Twill at his rival's grave rebound.'

A little further on, we were conducted into an ancient chapel, containing the altar and mural tombs of the nobility, which were once gilded and ornamented beyond all description, in the most striking and dazzling manner. The very names of the people over whom they were placed, are mostly forgotten. And why? Because they were distinguished during their lives for nought save their titles—mere empty sounds—for the tinsel trumpery of Gothic nobility, with coats of arms, and every other folly that heralds could by any possibility rake out of the fairy tales, and monstrous absurdities and superstition of past ages.

Tell me now, in sober earnest, in what valuable particulars do these things differ from a fool's cap and bells? Can any thing be more supremely ridiculous, than that a man should be thus honored, for the virtues or crimes (for most coats of arms are derived the crimes of war and plunder,) of his ancestors who lived a thousand years gone by? Remember too, that the very individual who 'bears these blushing honors thick upon him,' may be a great fool, knave or libertine. Out upon such mean, crawling, parasatical manworship! Here in this chapel, lie some score of such—now unnoticed and unknown. But in the centre—is erected a testimonium that harmonsies well with the feelings of an American—for it is from the divine and almost life-producing chisel of Chantry, in honor of a man whom ages yet unborn shall bless, and whose discoveries in Steam and the Mechanics, have at once placed the world in which we live, at least some centuries in advance—whether we regard the manufactures or civilization, of which he was so extensively the promoter. I refer to James Watt, the great improver of the Steam Engine. His statute is of colossal size, and the chair on which he sits, is planted on a rock. He holds tables and mathematical instruments in his hand, and Thought and Reflection sit enthroned upon his brow. His sculptured image looks like that of a God amidst the aristocratic trumpery that lies beneath, or is daubed upon the walls around. This man *was noble!* His was the aristocracy of *mind*, not birth.

But I have notes enough about this abbey remaining, to fill another letter.

AMERICUS.

—

WESTMINSTER ABBEY CONTINUED.

London, November, 1836.

Strolling along the solemn and majestic aisles, in that moody contemplation too, which a view of this venerable pile is so eminently calculated to inspire—my eyes rested on a monument, sculptured (to the best of my recollection) by Roubilliac.—It is dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Nightingale, who is represented in the upper part of the tomb, as shielded by her husband's arms from the fatal dart of the fell destroyer which is aimed at her bosom. Beneath this beautiful and touching picture of the husband and wife, a massive door appears to have been just opened, as if from a dark and gloomy vault, issuing out of which, the King of Terrors is seen, with a barbed spear in his long bony hand, and his arm drawn back, in the very act of launching the mortal weapon to the bosom of the lovely wife. Death is impersonated by a grinnig skeleton of the most fearful and appalling expression of countenance; and although the bones and skull are the very emblem of death, yet, such was the magic of the sculptor's chisel, that the position, face and malign menace of feature, that distinguishes the monarch of the tomb, bear the terrific impress of animated life—but of life the most fell and abhorrent. I understand that this triumph of the statuary, has been pronounced by many critics, as 'too horrible.' I must humbly beg to differ from them. Can any thing be too horrible to convey to the human mind, the certainty of the moral fate of man? Certainly not. Nothing is to horrible that is true. I admit that the contemplation of such a scene, even in cold and lifeless marble, has a tendency to awaken the fearful as well as the sublime—but the very fact of its doing so, is a proof of the artist's skill; and the sense of horror that is felt as we gaze upon it, is the very effect Roubilliac designed to produce.—In my opinion, this monumental group, is poetry itself transferred to marble. It made an impression on my memory that time will not readily efface; which impression will, I trust, plead successfully my excuse for dwelling thus long upon the subject.

There is flattery—man-worship, even in death: and no-where is this more conspicuous, than in the gigantic size of some of the altar tombs erected over the remains of the ancient British Kings.—History does not inform us that they were more colossal than other men—yet to judge from their tombs, you would suppose some of them at least *seven* or *eight* feet high. Thus, as they were greater than other men in life, the parasite courtiers and architects, sought even after death, to flatter their families and descendants, by inducing posterity to believe that they were endowed with superhuman strength and stature, Alas! Vain Mockery.

But truly, the *coup d'œil* presented by that part of the Abbey, where the remains of a long line of Britain's early kings repose, is not only awful from the lesson it conveys, and venerable from associations of antiquity, but touching and affecting, from the legends of love, war and ambition that involuntarily arise to the mind, both as connected with their private story and their public life. This solemn scene too, is illuminated by the "dim religious light" which I have before noticed, and which is so peculiar to Gothic Cathedrals, with their stained glass windows.—Sarcophagi, altar-tombs, shrines which thousands of pilgrims visited in by gone days, marble and granite slabs, with Royal names sculptured thereon—here form a dusty, mouldering palace of Death—a Court, as it were, of the grisly King, of peculiar grandeur, antiquity and interest. It is like nothing I ever saw before—like nothing probably to be seen any where but within the walls of this Abbey. In such fanes as this, how forcibly do the sentiments of the immortal Shakespear recur to the mind—

"Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs!"
* * * * * * *
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some prisoned by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd.—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a King,
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,
Allow him a breath a little space
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if 'tis flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell King!"
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood,

Forgive this long quotation, but every line, every word of it tells, within the Royal and holy fane of Westminster.—and had you stood like me, in this noble mausoleum of Danish, Gothic, Saxon, Norman and other Kings—with the emblems and regalia of Royalty, death and resurrection, all around—while the sublime notes of the organ did

"Up the lofty diapasion roll,"

and the choristers chaunted, with their angel voices, Handl's anthem 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that though worms destroy his body, yet in flesh shall I see God,'—why, I think that you would likewise have left an irresistable desire to quote funeral poetry.

Amongst the parties who walk round the curiosities of this Abbey, there are always some who must have their jole; men whom Death himself could scarce restrain from the enjoyment of laughter. One of these worthies pointed my attention to a mural monument, 'Sacred to the memory of Lord ——— of ——— in India.' (I insert the blanks instead of his Lordship's name, because it is of a recent date.)

'There,' said this gent to me, 'that is the monument upon which the famous joke was made.'

'What joke,' I asked.

'Why' he replied, *that* Lord ——— was ——— in India;—and I should also tell you, that he was one of the most sanguinary tyrants that ever lived. Monstrous crimes against the native kings and people are laid to his charge for the purpose of securing their domain und money. You see that he is represented in a vignette on the face of the slab, and rising again from the grave, and going up to heaven, where angels are waiting to receive him. Now, a sailor who came once to this church, and who knew his character, wrote this pithy piece of advice to the defunct Lord, and stuck it on his monument:—

Lie still—if youe'r wise,
You'll be d——d if you rise!

In my former letter I found fault with the parsimony of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, for making the people pay for entering their own National Church, and visiting the tombs of their great men. I have now another fault to find, which I shall do freely and briefly. Strangers are shown, in some up-stairs apartments, made for money-getting, by flimsy, boarded partitions that spoil the beauty of the church—a few wax-work figures of Queen Elizabeth, Lord Nelson, and a number of celebrated personages, dressed in the costume of their day, and loaded with finery. Worse taste than this cannot well be conceived. The exhibition would be absolutely disgusting, did it not dwindle down into the ridiculous and contemptible, from its extremely childish and baby-house character. It is merely a display of wax dolls, that may or may not be like their originals—but whether they are so or not, they would certainly disgrace a pop pet-show at an English country fair, or on a French holiday.

In a country so famed for liberty as England, I wonder the greedy selfishness of making people pay to enter this church and St. Paul's is not done away with—and in a country known for the solid substantiality of its taste, I wonder these trumpery dolls are not melted up into wax-candles, and the clothes and tinsel-tawdry sold at a rag-shop.

Westminster Abbey is celebrated as the temple where, from the earliest ages of the Christian Chuch in great Britain, the kings of England have been crowned with great pomp, splendour, and imposing ceremony. In modern times, the regal coronations are conducted with infinitely more of grandeur and magnificence, than in the days of the Plantagents, Tudors, and Stuarts; and I question whether the crowning of George IV, was ever surpassed in these particulars. The old feudel and chivalric custom, of an armed knight riding into Wesminister Hall, throwing down his guantlet, and offering to do battle with any champion who shall gainsay the right and title of the King of England to his throne—is still performed. One Sir Henry Dymoke, is the present champion by right of birth.

This beautiful Church has derived no small share of its celebrity, from the Oratories of sacred Music, that have at different times deen performed within its wails. The most prominent of these was the Commemmoration of Hendal, in 1784, which is recorded as having been the greatest musical festival ever celebrated in the world. All the most eminent vocalists of Italy, England, Germany and France were there, with the astonishing number of nearly 1700 instrumental performers and choristers. The Abbey was fitted up for the occasion, in a style of great magnificence, the King being seated at the eastern end, on a throne.

I paid one more visit to the tomb of Henry III, the Shrine of St. Edward, and the beautiful moment of Henry V,—and gave one more—

'last, long, lingering look—'

at the architectural glories of Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

I then emerged from the cloisters, and passing under grand, venerable, and lofty Gothic portals, bade farewell to Westminster Abbey.

AMERICUS.

From the Ohio Statesman.

DEMOCRACY—FEDERALISM.

HAWK EYE.—No. 1.

In a free government founded upon the authority of the people, and instituted for their peace, happiness and safety, *artificial distinctions* ought never to receive the sanction of law. It is the duty of a wise government so to frame all its acts that they will operate equally upon all classes of the community.

This I believe to be the spirit and very essence of our excellent constitution, which ought to be regarded as the great sheet anchor of American civil and religious liberty. But when we come to examine some of our laws, and see the effect they have upon the community, and compare the situation of the laboring classes, the farmer, the mechanic, and the manufacturer with that of others, we are irresistably led to the conclusion that our Legislators, upon many occasion have acted upon principles directly antagonist to those of the constitution. It would seem as if they were legislating with the express view of creating *artificial distinctions* by throwing all the wealth of the country into the hands of a FEW and leaving the MANY wholly unprotected against the FRAUDS and OPPRESSIONS of *monopolies* created by law.

Banking, and other privileged corporations are numerous, all tending by their power to monopolize business—control the circulating medium—strengthen the hands of the *American aristocracy*, and reduce the power and influence of the farmer, mechanic and laborer.

The effect of such partial and unequal Legislation is to make one half of mankind the slaves of *etiquette*, and the others half of *excessive labor*. The hardest labor is made the *least productive*, and the worst drones in society are the *best paid*. One class can wanton in luxuries idleness upon wealth derived from *partial Legislation*, and of which those who toil and sweat from the beginning to the end of the year, are *robbed* under the *sanction of law*. The *opperatives*—the real PRODUCERS OF WEALTH are POOR and DEPENDENT, whilst the CONSUMERS are RICH and POWERFUL.

These are great and oversbadowin evils injuriously effecting the prosperity of the People of the country. If not resisted, these evils will increase, and will, one day, sooner or later, *overturn the liberties* of the American People. To arrest their progress ought to be devoted the best energies of the Republican party. Men who would apply the proper corrective in a spirit of wisdom and prudence—men determined in their hostility to all monopolies—men who could neither be intimidated or bought, and only such men should the people elect to office at this highly important and alarming crisis in the affairs of Ohio and the nation.

There is in this country two great political parties, the DEMOCRATIC and the FEDERAL. The democratic party is *opposed* to all monopolies; the federalists are the advocates of banking and every other species of *partial Legislation*, calculated to make the '*rich, richer*, and the *poor, poorer*.' To prove the these acts, I shall refer to the proceedings of the last General Assembly, and perhaps I may, time permitting, trace the votes given by the different parties upon every important bill conferring corporate privileges which has received the sanction of the Legislature of this State, since the formation of its constitution. The Journals cannot lie, and certainly there can be no better criterion by which to test the principles of the two antagonist parties, than by their votes given on important questions involving the RIGHTS and INTERESTS of the people.

First, then let us take a peep at the action of the House of Representatives upon what was called KELLEY'S BANK BILL. See page 244, Jour. of the House of Representatives.

'The question was on agreeing to the 10th amendment, WHICH MADE THE DIRECTORS LIABLE FOR ALL EXCESS' of issues, which was agreed to, yeas 44, nays 27.

DEMOCRATS in the affimative	35
" in the negative	1
FEDERALISTS in the affirmative	8
" in the negative	26

So the democrats with a single exception were in favor of giving the community REDRESS in cases where the Directors of a Bank abused their privileges. The federalists with eight exceptions voted *against* this FAIR and REASONABLE proposition.

Page 225, Journal of the House of Representatives.

'The amendment of the 29th section was then considered; *It provides that no Bank shall issue bills for a less denomination than five dollars;* which was agreed to, yeas 44; nays 28.

Democrats in the affirmative	36
" in the negative	1
Federalists in the affirmative	8
" in the negative	27

So the Federalist nearly all, it seems were in favor of a '*shinplaster currency.*'

The question then turned *on the engrossment of the Bill*, yeas 37; nays 25.

Democrats in the affirmative	0
" in the negative	25
Federalists in the affirmative	31
" in the negative	0

Page 305 of same

The question was then taken on the final passage of the bill.

Democrats in the affirmative	12
" in the negative	22
Federalists in the affirmative	29
" in the negative	2

This shows conclusively that the federalists with GREAT UNANIMITY voted for the incorporation of *additional* Banks.

But let us look a little further into this matter. See pages 382 and 383 of the Journal of the House of Representatives.

'On motion of Mr. Hubbard, (*a democrat.*)

The House took up the resolution requiring the committee on Banks to introduce into all bills for the incorporation of Banks, the following provisions:

1. That the directors shall make quarterly returns to the Governor, of the condition of the Banks, exhibiting the amount of discounts and loans, the amount of bills in circulation, the amount of gold and silver in the vaults, and the amount of debts due to, and from said Banks.

2. That an examination into the condition of the Banks, may be made by any stockholder, by a committee appointed by either or both branches of the general assembly, or by commissioners appointed by the Governor.

3. That the directors shall publish semi-annually, a list of the stockholders in their respective banks, the amount of stock held by each, and the proportion actually paid in.

4. That the directors shall give bonds for the faithful discharge of their duties, and shall be individually liable for excessive issues.

5. That the stockholders shall be liable in their individual capacities, in proportion to the amount of their stock, for all debts of the corporation—also, individually liable for the payment of all notes of the bank in case of failure, and at the expiration of their charter.

6. That banks shall pay any holder of their notes, damage at the rate of twenty-four per cent. per year, from the time payment in gold or silver is refused or delayed.

WESTERN COURIER.

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